

Bryn Mawr College

Scholarship, Research, and Creative Work at Bryn Mawr College

Bryn Mawr College News

Bryn Mawr College Publications, Special
Collections, Digitized Books

4-18-1995

The College News 1995-4-18 Vol. 17 No.6

Students of Bryn Mawr College

Follow this and additional works at: https://repository.brynmawr.edu/bmc_collegenews

[Let us know how access to this document benefits you.](#)

Citation

Students of Bryn Mawr College, *The College News 1995-4-18 Vol. 17 No.6* (Bryn Mawr, PA: Bryn Mawr College, 1995).

This paper is posted at Scholarship, Research, and Creative Work at Bryn Mawr College.

https://repository.brynmawr.edu/bmc_collegenews/1481

For more information, please contact repository@brynmawr.edu.

THE COLLEGE NEWS

VOLUME XVII NUMBER 6

FOUNDED



1914

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

APRIL 18, 1995



Photo by Sara Fox

[REDACTED]

ASN offers free, anonymous AIDS testing

by Alice Towey

In an effort to encourage members of the community to get tested, AIDS Service Network will be offering free, anonymous AIDS testing on April 21.

About 42 time slots are available for interested students, running from 10:00 a.m. to 3:30 p.m. ASN has chartered DECAN (Delaware County AIDS Network) to run the tests.

Although the Health Center does perform AIDS tests, it is in many ways different from the procedure that DECAN uses. Firstly, the Health Center charges \$40 to run a test, a price that is often prohibitive for many college students. Further, Health Center testing is confi-

dential rather than anonymous.

ASN member Asia Russell explained the difference between confidential and anonymous testing. The former offers less privacy; consequently, fewer people are willing to take advantage of it. Russell points out, "people who don't know might be positive, but are afraid to get tested."

Confidential testing involves giving one's name and other information, under the assumption that the test results will be kept secret. However, the results are kept on medical records, where insurance companies and the government can have access to them. When this information is released, even to government agencies, the effects can damage people's

lives. HIV positive people often suffer prejudice "because of the politics surrounding the disease."

Anonymous testing removes these obstacles by allowing people to be tested without giving their names. They can assume an alias, or simply be identified by a number. The results can not be made public in any way.

DECAN, the group which will be running the test on campus, offers many services besides testing. Highly concerned with education, they train Peer educators and give presentations to schools, businesses and other interested groups. Also, DECAN stocks relief supplies for AIDS victims.

The test itself takes about twenty minutes. By law, patients must receive special counseling both before and after the test. DECAN will provide these services to all patients. The blood is run through the Eliza antibody test, which checks for the presence of antibodies rather than the virus itself. If the preliminary test comes out positive, testers conduct the Eliza test twice more and then run a Western Blot test for confirmation. The entire procedure is 99 percent accurate.

Unfortunately, the test can only determine the presence of antibodies; and since antibodies take time to form, there is a window period of about six months after the virus is contracted when the victim shows no signs of illness and may test negative.

Interested students should contact Marisa Guptarak, at 526-5791, to sign up for a time slot. She asks that potential patients not give their names. Testing will be conducted at the Health Center for convenience; however, Guptarak stresses that the actual test is not connected to the Health Center in any way.

Results will be available May 5, and must be picked up in person. On site counseling will accompany all results.

ASN hopes that this testing will encourage students to get tested. Says Guptarak, "ASN urges everyone to get tested if they feel they are at risk."

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

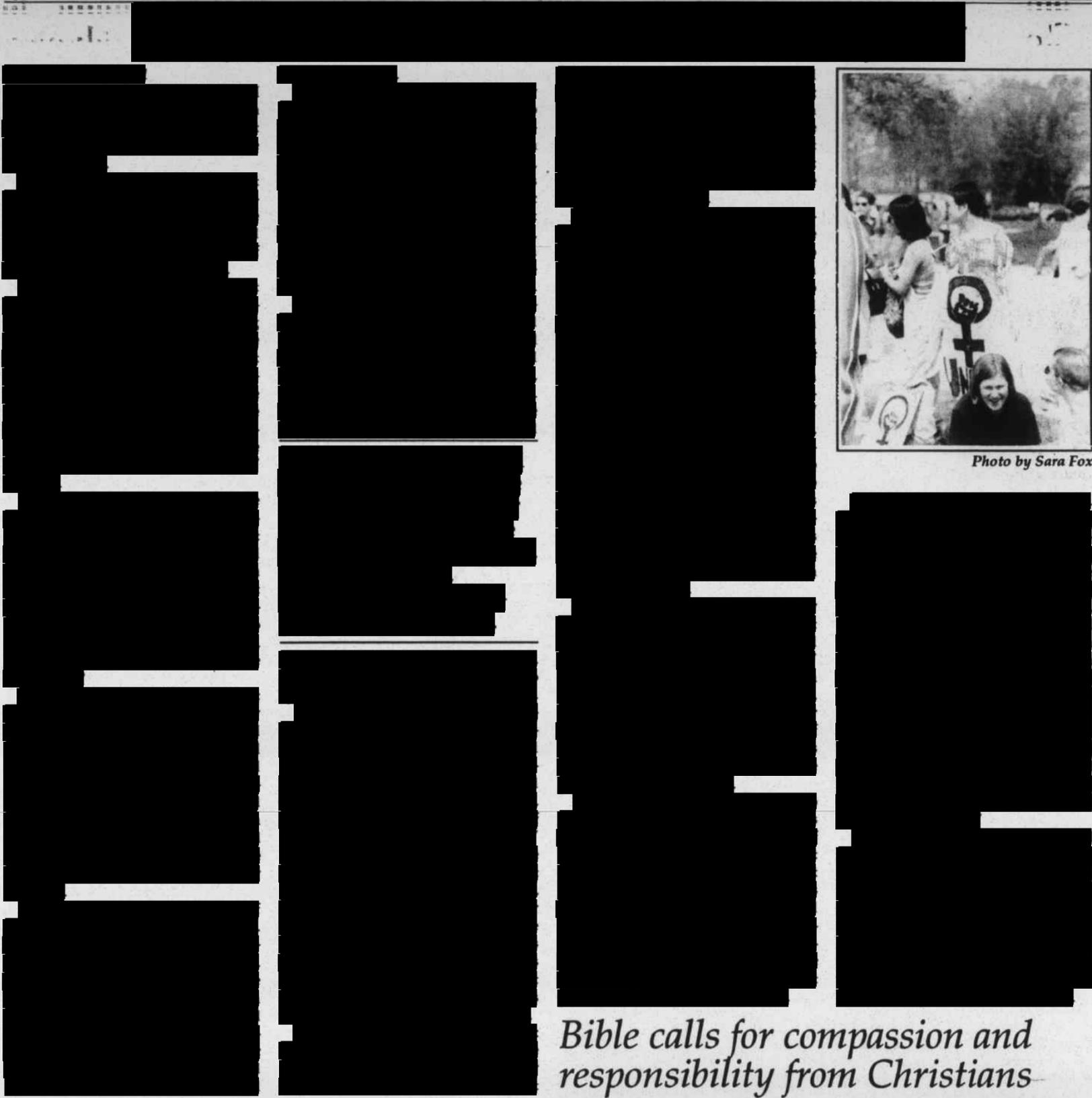


Photo by Sara Fox

Bible calls for compassion and responsibility from Christians

by Elena Buchwalter and Abigail Pile

Finally, the article you've been waiting for! Almost three months later, Elena and Abigail finally write another article about the religious right!

Actually, this article is rather timely because of the recent National Students' Day of Action and the Rally for Women's Lives last weekend in Washington. Rather than ragging on Newt Gingrich and the Contract with America, we've decided to explain the biblical model of what our response to poverty should be. Although the religious right makes up a small percent of the Republican party and although many Christians don't support the religious right, it is generally assumed that Christians are supportive of policies such as the Contract with America. This leads to the assumption on the part of many people that Christianity itself dictates a seemingly uncompassionate response of Christians to twentieth century welfare issues.

However, this is not the case because the Bible calls for both compassion and responsibility—the former on the part of Christians who are able to help the needy and the latter on the part of the needy themselves.

There are many verses in both the Old and New Testaments that call for compassion. Proverbs 17:5 says, "Those who mock the poor insult their Maker; those who are glad at calamity will not go unpunished"—compassion is concern for people because they are poor and also because they are made by God in His image. Therefore, caring for the needy is more than a sympathetic response, it is a

matter of obedience or disobedience to God. As John puts it in his first epistle, "How does God's love abide in anyone who has the world's goods and sees a brother or sister in need and yet refuses help?" (1 John 3:17)

God's very character is at stake in our response to poverty because God Himself is referred to as "a refuge to the poor, . . . a shelter from the rainstorm and a shade from the heat" (Isaiah 25:4).

Other examples of God's concern for the poor can be found in Proverbs 14:31, 22:22-23, 19:17, 17:17; Isaiah 10:1-3, 58:6-7; Matthew 5:40-42; Luke 18:22; and Acts 2:45.

Nevertheless, the Bible also calls for everyone to be responsible in the way they live, "whatever your hand finds to do, do with your might" (Ecclesiastes 9:10) and "whatever you do, do everything for the glory of God" (1 Corinthians 10:31). Since we are to work for God's glory, not doing so is an affront to Him, just as in the same way not having compassion on others is. This is not to say that all who are poor are also lazy, but providing for the needy means enabling people to take care of themselves, not simply continuing a dependent mindset. Christians are called to self-sacrifice, but self-sacrifice that goes beyond money is much more challenging than a handout.

Where Christians stand on welfare reform, particularly the Contract with America's plan, will depend on whether they give greater weight to compassion or to responsibility, but for anyone who claims to be a Christian, the starting point is the Bible, not a particular political agenda.

THE COLLEGE NEWS

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE VOLUME XVII, NO. 6, APRIL 18, 1995

Editors	Kathryn Kingsbury, X5689 Shannon Seymour, X7553
A & E Editor	Heather Batson
Features Editor	Julia Alexander
Graphics	Smriti Belbase, Natalie Klein, Deborah Haber
Photography	Sara Fox
Editorial Board	Penelope Anderson, Sharon Cleary, Elizabeth Lyzenga, Branwyn Lundberg, Kristina Orchard-Hays, Sonam Singh, Rachel Soltis, Thaisa Tiglao, Jennifer Turrell

The College News does not accept any paid advertising. Free announcements from or for the community are welcome.

The next deadline is April 28 at Midnight. Letters and articles should be sent to our mailbox (C-1716), or placed outside our Denbigh Office (X7340). All submissions should be on MAC disks or hard copy. Disks will be returned via campus mail (we promise). Submissions are accepted from any member of the community, and are not edited for content. All opinions expressed in articles or letters are those of the author only, and are not representative of those of the editorial board. Come to Thursday night meetings at 8pm in the Denbigh office above the language lab or call one of the editors if you are interested in contributing to the paper. Subscriptions are available for \$15/year in the U.S., \$29 overseas. **STATEMENT OF PURPOSE:** The College News is a feminist newsjournal which seeks to provide a forum for the students, faculty, administration, and staff of Bryn Mawr. We welcome ideas and submissions from all members of the community, as well as from outside groups and individuals whose purpose or functions are connected to those of the College. Each article represents the views of its author, not necessarily those of the paper.

Getting involved to help farm workers and others

by Jessica Shearer

If you signed up and did not go to the Rally for Women's Lives on the Ninth please consider contributing a few of the dollars you had offered to pay for the two busses. Several people signed up but could not make the rally. We counted on full busses and now owe \$205 beyond what sponsoring organizations (CAX,

Mujeres, BMC Greens, ASA, CHANGE, the Office for Institutional Diversity) offered and what rally goers contributed. If you are willing to do this please get the money into C-428 as soon as possible. Questions? Call me at X7501.

• Join the nationwide boycott! While many of us are aware of the United Farm Workers' sponsored grape boycott (supported by BMCDS), which remains in effect to protest the use of dangerous pesticides, I suspect that few are aware of the Chateau Ste Michelle and Columbia Crest boycotts. The vineyard workers of these U.S. Tobacco-owned wineries have called this boycott to protest deplorable working conditions and double standards.

*Farm Workers have a life expectancy of 49 years

*Caucasian cellar workers enjoy job security and start at \$14 an hour with fair benefits; Latino vineyard workers can be fired for any reason and start at \$5.25 with no benefits.

*Women workers earn less than male workers. Recently, a foreman told a female worker: "It is not my fault that you had the misfortune of being born a woman. Likewise, it is not my fault that

I had the good fortune of being born a man."

*U.S. Tobacco has fired and discriminated against workers who voiced concern over working conditions. Thirty-four workers sued the winery for discriminatory discharge.

Currently the UFW is working to get 100 restaurants and hotels in New York to support this boycott. They are supported by food service and hotel workers' unions. Won't you support their efforts and boycott Chateau Ste Michelle, Columbia Crest, and US Tobacco-owned Skoal chewing tobacco? For more information contact the New York Farm Workers at 212/219/0022.

To take an activist role in this boycott consider joining hundreds of protestors in Greenwich Connecticut on May 1 as they pay a visit to the headquarters of U.S. Tobacco. It looks like we have at least one driver going to this event, despite it falling in the middle of finals. If you are interested please contact Jessica at X7501.

If you would like to do more to help farm and other workers demand fair wages and benefits there are exciting opportunities in these fields for both

underclasswomen and graduating seniors. The United Farm Workers are currently accepting applications to work at one of their many locations across the country (New York, California, Florida, Texas, Louisiana, Illinois and others). A full time position will earn you housing (especially in New York and Los Angeles), food, and a small (\$40 a week) stipend. Campaigns and the need for Spanish speaking people are different in each location. To obtain an application call (805) 822-5571. If you are a graduating senior and interested in doing this work you may be eligible for a well paid position with The Organizing Institute. The Organizing Institute trains people to mobilize workers all over the country. If you are interested contact Djar Horn at 1-800-848-3021. Our Career Development Office also has some of the application materials for both of these opportunities.

To support Immigrant Rights groups and Community Service Providers come out to a Cinco de Mayo day dance. This will be held in the Campus Center from 10:00 to 2:00 on Friday, May 5. There will be a suggested donation of \$5 per person and the dance is open to Mawrtrrs and their invited guests only. You may obtain tickets by leaving cash or a check for five dollars with your name and May 5 in the memo section in my box, C-428. The money will go to Congreso de Latinos Unidos, Asian Americans United, and the United Farm Workers. (This is still tentative, if you know of another needy and relevant organization let me know.) Direct questions to Jessica Shearer at X7501 or jshearer.



Elena's Opinion This Week...

'Reality Bites' and other good flicks

by Elena McFadden

Reality Bites: The only way you're going to enjoy this movie is if you forget everything everyone has ever told you about it except for what I'm going to tell you now. (No, I haven't ever heard of humility.) However, if you watch it with the following in mind you will laugh, you'll cry, it'll be way better than Star Trek.

Reality Bites is not the movie of our generation. It's really even a stretch to say it's about our generation at all. Expect any work to accurately characterize millions of people in a few composites, and you'll be disappointed. Even *The Graduate* couldn't do it, and c'mon, I mean we all know Dustin Hoffman is God. *Reality Bites* had some good social commentary: the treatment of the "gay issue" (1 in 4 really ain't all that bad, considering black women started as minor token characters thirty years ago and hey, look how far they've come in the popular media!); the treatment of the "class issue" was excellent pointing out that the University System may not be the great equalizer we wish it were, students on financial aid face very different educational experiences even when attending the same institution not to mention after graduation; and the old "smart kid issue" was, I felt, very accurately portrayed, explored, and dealt with in this film.

"Dealt with," I'm sure you'll quibble with me over, but this is my reason why this is an absolutely amazing movie—it deals with the smart kid issue the way all the classics have... he falls in love.

Which brings me to my main point. I like *Reality Bites* because it is on par with the greatest stories of all time: *The Breakfast Club*, *Some Kind of Wonderful*, and *The Princess Bride*. You don't watch these movies because you expect to see yourself reflected in

them, but because you *want* to see yourself there. Someday, you want a love like that. And *Reality Bites* is the exact same sort of happy escape from your nonexistent love life into someone else's heart wrenching drama of insecurity and rejection (which you've got covered) into an absolutely amazing, blissful happy ending, which you want to believe is out there. You *want* to believe that you can watch TV all day and take all your frustrations out on the people you care about and STILL ride off into the sunset with someone as together and beautiful as Winona Ryder, just because you can define irony.

If you think I am asserting that what bonds our generation together is not drugs and MTV but sappy love stories, you'd be right. And only by this assertion should you ever think that *Reality Bites* is of or from us.

The acting is top notch (Winona Ryder playing herself, finally again in a role for which this style is useful), the dialogue is brilliant, the sappiness adroitly balanced with perfectly staged massive periods of angst. It's especially good if you watch it with a friend and you talk to the TV screen as if you really knew the people, just to round out with another sweeping generalization about us—that we can't tell the difference between what's not real, ie; TV and what is real, ie; yeah right. Make it a double feature with *Ferris Bueller's Day Off* and you'll be happy for a week.

Bodies, Rest and Motion: Well now I'm stuck 'cause I used all my fancy "this is a really good movie" words talking about *Reality Bites* so maybe I'll just put it this way: If you can believe it, **Bodies, Rest and Motion** is everything *Reality Bites* is, only more so. Completely stripped down, like a good essay, if it isn't saying something imperative, **THROW THE SUCKER OUT!** **Bodies, Rest and Motion** doesn't just have a few good lines, or even mostly good lines, every line is to die

for in this one. Add to that brilliant cinematography, and you know, this is one of those movies you can just watch over and over and over again. This one's not just better than *Star Trek*, it's even better than *Chicago Hope*. Let me go back to the cinematography, amazing, ah-may-zing! It's in the desert, so how could you go wrong to begin with? (If you saw three girls and a van, what was the name of that movie? *Boys On the Side* don't answer that) But going on the logical assumption for our universe which is that you can't go wrong shootin' in the desert, and then you take someone who knows what they're doing, then you've got a film which holds it's own on a twenty-one inch screen just as much as it would at the Omni Dome. Not to be missed. If you make it a double feature with *Reality Bites* you'll probably be so happy you'll die. Don't say I didn't warn you.

Tommy Boy: All right, I know what you're thinking. Trust me on this though, they made the preview for the lowest common denominator. Let me put it this way, I went to see it with an eight year old and he didn't laugh once. Furthermore, as much as I hate to say it, this really is the movie of our generation. (yes, you know I'm laughing) But I'm serious! What *Reality Bites* lacked in order to earn this title was that it didn't fully develop any one character's complete post-college state of lostness, so you don't get any depth of character as a result. In this one though, you *feel* Tommy Boy's pain, not just because it's your own. But meanwhile, he keeps you laughing, so you become utterly convinced that lost is not bad, it doesn't even have to be painful, and if you let it be, if you let you be yourself, lost can be pretty downright hilarious. Trite, but I guess you'll just have to see it to believe me.

Letters

Let's heal intolerant rifts at BMC

To the Editors:

I have seen a disturbing trend towards intolerance lately on campus. I'm not sure whether it is merely that I have had several incidents, and that I have been more sensitized to them due to other people's talking about the incidents they experienced, but I am disturbed nonetheless.

I'm not sure what I can tell other people to do about this, but I'd like to express my concern. Several recent articles have expressed concern over the stigmatization of Christians and Republicans, and people at the Pride Week Speak Out discussed homophobic and racist incidents in their lives here. Sometimes I feel like science majors look down on humanities majors, and vice versa; and undergraduates dislike post-bacs. Everyone seems to have found someone they can complain about.

I know that people here are not acting out of mean-spirited motives, and that they are, in fact, seriously interested in making this an accepting place for everyone. Or I would assume that people are honest in their desire for community.

So what is it that keeps driving everyone further and further apart? And what can we do to heal the divisions? I'm not sure what to do, but I think it would help if people began to examine what they said and did, and the attitudes they hold. I don't want to be preachy, and I'm probably just as guilty of this as anyone else, but I think that we will lose a lot of the value of Bryn Mawr if we are unable to come together and heal these rifts.

Sincerely,
Julia Alexander, '96

Previous letter to editors concerning midnight ritual provokes rebuttle

To the Editors:

I read Ms. Locke K. Brown's letter to the editor in the April 4th issue of the paper and I was flabbergasted. I feel that she has completely misunderstood my position and she has forced me to write the following: First, Ms. Brown sees this incident as "emblematic of insensitivity" as the "ritual organizers" did not warn those living adjacent to the site. The use of the college for this ritual was spontaneous and totally unplanned. It happened, we were called and the event continued. From her comment, Ms. Brown seems to infer that to gather as a group, minority groups must announce themselves or face the consequences.

Ms. Brown then refers to the majority of persons who live in this country as "hyphenated groups clamor[ing] for attention." I am not American and I find the term "hyphenated anything" very offensive and there are many people in this country who would feel the same way. On this campus, there are few "minority" groups that crave attention simply because we believe that it is not necessary. We all come into the college with the understanding that it is supposed to be a very diverse place and that it goes through great pains to keep it that way. We understand and we keep quiet about the minor incidents that bother us in the interest of peace because we see how hard the college tries. However, there are incidents, such as this one, which require some kind of attention and action. Contrary to Ms. Brown's claims, my recounting of this incident was not because I am clamoring for attention but because I wanted to raise awareness of the tensions that still exist on this campus. I would have understood if someone had leaned out their window and told us to keep it down but that did not happen. I would have understood if someone had reminded us that it was rather late but that did not happen. Instead, the incident ended with us "dispersing". We were not going to be out there that long and I believe that with a little patience, the situation would have had a very different ending. We all deal with people howling at night and we tolerate this because we know that they will not be out there for a long period of time. All I was really asking for is patience and understanding.

As I recall, I said that change would not occur unless the basic attitudes of the students are changed. According to Ms. Brown, I am supposed to keep quiet about the things that happen and assimilate with all of the other "privileged, main-stream students" because class-action is a "self defeating basis for friendship." It is unclear here as to whom Ms. Brown considers "main-stream." I was unsure as to whether she was inferring that the students who are on a slightly higher

economic scale should be considered "privileged and mainstream." If so, then what does that mean to the other students who cannot be considered mainstream?

We would never be able to bring ourselves together unless we try to understand each other and for many of the groups in the campus, that would involve talking about class action. Even the term "class-action" is ambiguous. It could be used as in the term "class-action suits" which would then mean that she was implying that talk about lawsuits is unacceptable. If class-action is used here to mean the actions of any one class

It was "class action" that opened the doors for many of the groups that are now on the campus. It was "class action" that allowed many people to go as far as they have. It is "class action" that will continue to fight for the people who do not yet have the knowledge to fight for themselves and as long as there are "minority groups" on this campus, "class action" will always have a place here.

then Ms. Brown is making quite a few sweeping generalizations. It was "class action" that opened the doors for many of the groups that are now on the campus. It was "class action" that allowed many people to go as far as they have. It is "class action" that will continue to fight for the people who do not yet have the knowledge to fight for themselves and as long as there are "minority groups" on this campus, "class action" will always have a place here.

Such conversations

are not used as a way to beg for some kind of recognition but just as a way for us all to recognize our differences and to see how we can all work together by pooling our various resources.

Few persons on this campus feel "the need to affiliate [solely] on a socio-economic basis" because the honor code protects us from having others know about our economic status. Such an affiliation, therefore, becomes impossible. Also, since the beginning of Ms. Brown's letter dealt mainly with race and creed, I believe that she is actually inferring that one's socio-economic status is based on one's race. If so, not only is she making a sweeping generalization, but one who tries to form affiliations based on this criteria would narrow down the number of affiliations that one could have, when one considers the fact that there are few "minorities" on the campus.

As a woman going to college in the 1950's Ms. Brown should have been able to understand that sometimes it is not easy to be quiet about practices that discriminate against some groups. Contrary to her ideals, conversation about class and race issues should have a place on campuses simply because we do not stop being individuals when we enter college. We cannot melt in the proverbial "melting pot" until we stop being so frozen. It will take time but we have to learn to come together in order to live together. However, I suppose each situation is different and she is unable to understand mine, which is exactly why awareness is needed to keep "diversity and tolerance" as diverse as it should be.

Sincerely,
Trilby John

Getting BM about the With(?)

Dear Editors,

I am writing to respond to Jennifer Bierman's musing about the "extent to which those that are leading the opposition to the Contract with America are informed about its policies." As one of the women on campus leading this opposition I would like to inform her that we are well versed in the policies of the Contract and are committed to seeing that all of this campus is similarly informed. Furthermore, I do not necessarily believe that one can assume that the 68.9% of the respondents who were not aware of the Contract in October, before it was in effect, are also not prepared to respond to specific provisions of the Contract as they come before the House or Senate. The March 29th Day of Action was scheduled because it fell in the middle of the first one hundred days of this Congressional session within which the entire Contract was supposed to become law. Also, some of the most alarming provisions (to cut money to school lunch programs, to eliminate legal immigrants' access to social services, to cut federally financed financial aid, etc.) still have not

Midnight honor code from bo

To the Editors:

It seems to me that on this campus, the issue of the sorority ritual discussed in Trilby John's article and Locke K. Brown's letter is an Honor Code issue—for both sides. The Honor Code is based on the understanding that we treat the members of our community with respect and trust, and that we have not only a right but a responsibility to expect these things in return. When people from off campus are invited onto campus, they are invited to join in this system of respect. This problem would not have happened if the spirit of the Honor Code had been followed by any of the participants.

First, it is disrespectful to shout under people's windows at midnight. No one should do this at all for any reason. We need our sleep here! In the spirit of the Honor Code, it would have been nice of the initiates, realizing that people were asleep inside the dorms, and that these people would have no way of knowing what they were doing, had picked a less populated area of campus on which to do their midnight shouting.

the

C informed Contract America

passed the Senate.

In October few people expected to see the House change hands and therefore had little reason to pay attention to the Contract which I, and many others, still considered gimmicky. We were proven wrong. The Contract is no longer a gimmick and much of it has already been passed by at least the House. We are now trying to correct our dangerous miscalculation and mobilize the 54% (New York Times Poll) of Americans who do not support this Contract that is in their name. Rather than question our knowledge or sincerity Ms. Bierman might support our efforts to increase awareness about the Contract With(?) America. I would like to take this opportunity to invite Ms. Bierman or any other concerned woman to contact me at x7501 or jshearer with questions, advice or comments on future actions. I believe that we have a similar desire to inform our campus and I am grateful to the Republicans, whose poll clearly shows what areas need the most attention.

Sincerely,
Jessica Shearer '98

ritual: an de issue th sides

Second, it is disrespectful to call the cops on even obnoxious midnight shouting people. In the spirit of the Honor Code, whomever it was who complained to Public Safety ought instead to have confronted the initiates personally, bringing a reasonable request to reasonable people and expecting respect for respect.

Trilby's suggestion that there was a racist element to this decision is very reasonable. Unfortunately it is likely that a groggy Mawrter of whatever racial or ideological background, looking out her window and seeing a group of black students (if she could see anything at all, which we don't know), would be more quick to assume that they did not come from this campus, and therefore to respond less than respectfully. This is frustrating to know. What are we to do about this? I don't know. But our best bet is probably to take incidents like these to remind us that we must be more careful to keep the spirit of the Honor Code in mind in our dealings with one another— even at midnight.

Sincerely,
Elizabeth Lyzenga '96

Shocked about BMC response to Villanova "culture shock"

To the Editors:

I am writing in response to the article published in the April 4th issue of The College News, "Feminist Theology: Villanova Culture Shock." When I first read this article I laughed all the way through it, but as it sat with me over the next couple of days, I became rather annoyed, and a bit offended. I laughed mostly because as an alumnus of Villanova who is now a Bryn Mawr graduate student in the School of Social Work and Social Research, I am intimately aware of the differences inherent in both schools and the stereotypes and judgements both student bodies hold about each other. I became angry by the article because the author did not speak of my experience at Villanova, and her judgements about the students and their interests seemed to be insensitive and a bit unwarranted given her method of observation and research. In addition, I was disappointed to discover that although Bryn Mawr writers try to be so open-minded and respecting of diversity, even they cannot resist labeling and stereotyping others who may be different from them.

I would expect a Bryn Mawr student journalist to base her assumptions and judgements on fact-finding methods rather than

blind assumptions. The author herself noted that she went to the lecture with preexisting judgements about Villanova and its students, but she never tried to test these notions by speaking to any of the students at the lecture (believe it or not they don't bite, I assure you). I bet for as many students who were totally uninterested in the lecture and who were forced to go by their professors, there were an equal amount of students who were very interested in the subject matter and went on their own accord.

I am quite aware of the fact that Villanova is not known as being a bastion of diversity, open-mindedness, or for having a "serious" academically focused or social conscious student body. However, my experience at the University was very much the opposite. Although it took me a while, I found a great community that not only supported my feminism, spirituality, and interest in social change, but also helped me understand and develop these important aspects of myself. Members of my community which included students, professors and administrators, challenged me to question my assumptions, recognize my prejudices, and to test time-honored traditions and authorities much like feminist theologians today are doing with such things as the Bible and institu-

tionalized patriarchal religions.

The best kept secret about Villanova is that if you look hard enough in places like Campus Ministry, the Center for Peace and Justice Education, the Women's Studies Department, and other various clubs and organizations on campus, the supportive and lifegiving "community" that the author seemed to wish for, exists. It is the presence of such a community that serves to blow the popular Villanova stereotypes mentioned in the article of "frat boys, bimbos, homophobic, and unapologetic sexists" out of the water.

My overall aim in writing this letter is not to give a treatise on the positive aspects of Villanova, but to provide some suggestions to present and future Bryn Mawr journalists: one, always know your audience and two, always question popular stereotypes with research that is value-based and fact-finding—for you just might offend and lose a reader by relying on unchecked assumptions rooted in age-old Bryn Mawr vs. Villanova prejudices.

Sincerely,
Suzanne L. Quigley
Villanova '93
Bryn Mawr '96

EDITORS

Feeling wary yet optimistic about diversity

By Hilary Barth

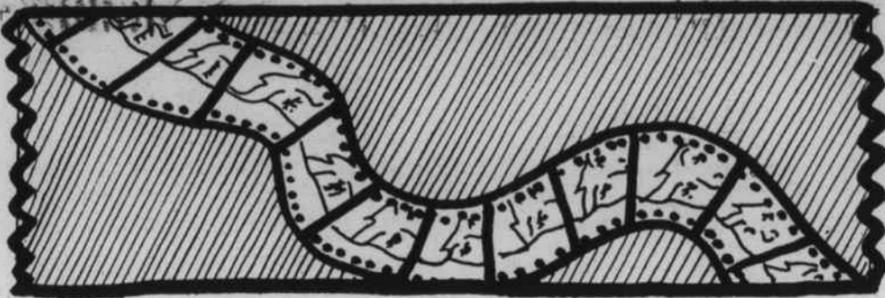
Since I came to Bryn Mawr, my faith in the sincerity of those who advocate "diversity" and "tolerance" has been seriously shaken. As a freshman, although I differed ideologically from most other students, I trusted that they truly did believe in the values they claimed to. I assumed that tolerance applied to everyone; I assumed that diversity still referred to a state of difference or multiformity. Soon, though, I found that tolerance and sensitivity were privileges reserved for the local majority. Most of my attempts to enter political discussions were met with unpleasant jokes or open hostility. A difference of opinion on my part, however mildly expressed, often seemed to provoke personal insults, even name-calling. Arguments always ended conveniently with some sort of "What can you expect from one of them" remark; people saw that this strategy found them instant allies in anyone nearby. At times my beliefs automatically made me "callous" or "uncaring" at best, and "racist" or "evil" at worst. I don't mean that people drew these conclusions after speaking to me; all of this was said upon my outing as a GOP member.

This sort of thing gets tiresome quickly. I'm not politically dedicated enough to brave such treatment for the sake of a few moments' satisfaction. I wish I didn't have to, but the situation hasn't improved. I've become more open about my political status, but I avoid disclosing anything very specific. I feel obligated to defend myself and to prove that I'm not what I'm accused of being. I've actually found myself countering charges of antigay sentiment by pointing out that I lived with three lesbians over

the summer; at this my accuser sank back into her chair looking a bit deflated. But what if I didn't happen to have any non-white or nonhetero friends? Or if I were thicker skinned and better able to resist my defensive urges and allow people to think whatever they liked about my prejudices? I don't enjoy feeling forced to use my friends as shields. I don't want to be in an environment that asks me either to be silent or to endure the rudeness of others.

I remember a woman asking me incredulously, "Are you religious? Are you pro-life?" Although I am neither, I wanted to lie and say yes. At that moment it seemed that by turning the woman's anger from myself I'd only be turning it towards others her that do fit those categories. I think we've all heard people making derogatory remarks about Christians around campus, remarks that would never be thought acceptable if they targeted ethnic groups, or women, or a number of other religions. Isn't this strikingly inconsistent? Why are Christians and Republicans fair game?

According to what I've heard lately, Mawrter are far better at tolerating opposing viewpoints than students at may other schools. Overall I'm still optimistic about the good intentions of everyone here, and there are plenty of people that have reacted very politely (if not enthusiastically) when it's come out that I'm politically conservative. Maybe things are changing...but then, I didn't know Dinesh D'Souza was going to speak until it was all over, although it would be impossible to miss the fact that Suzie Bright will speak this weekend. Still, the recent *College News* editorial was a refreshing touch and I think my long-lost frosh optimism might just be returning.



Filmmaker Cheryl Dunye would like your help

by Julia Alexander

Cheryl Dunye, a Philadelphia black lesbian filmmaker gave a talk and showed several of her short films in Thomas 110. She was here as the final Pride Week speaker, and she finished things up in good form.

Despite the casualness of the picture of her on the posters announcing the talk, I was somewhat afraid that a "black lesbian filmmaker" might be a little serious and dry for my tastes. However, she turned out to be both amusing and interesting to watch.

She began the talk by explaining that she had found few films about the black lesbian experience, and she felt that women needed to make their voices heard. She didn't want to do all of the boring, ultra-serious movies of which other lesbian filmmakers seem to be so fond, though. Nope, she wanted to make films that would speak to all of our experiences and bring people together.

She started making films as a graduate student at Temple, so she was using a video camera. She pointed out that this cut down on her operating costs, and allowed her to feel comfortable with experimenting. She roped all of her friends into helping her, and likened this to an "Our Gang" sort of effort. She said that they worked with few scripts or directions, and explained that this offered up a freedom and spontaneity often lacking in

She wanted to make films that would speak to all of our experiences and bring people together.

mainstream films.

The films themselves were both amusing and familiar. *She Don't Fade* was about a woman who met another woman, began a relationship with her, and then saw another woman, dumped the first, and began another relationship. The action was sort of sparse, but it got pushed along by

the actresses who explained what was going on, and why they were acting as they were. It was refreshing to see people who could laugh at themselves and their foibles.

Even funnier was *The Potluck and the Passion*, about a group of friends and acquaintances who gathered to have a potluck. I guess the main reason I found it so amusing was that it seemed both familiar and ludicrous (it was the sort of potluck where one person brought Jell-O salad, another brought fried chicken made with an "old family recipe," another couple brought tofu quiche, and then a pair of people—who were very late—ended up stopping at KFC for their contribution).

Dunye showed several other films, some of them more serious, but all of them seeming like something a person I knew could have written. She spoke about the feature length film on which she is working, and invited anyone who was interested to sign a list so that they can help out this summer if they're going to be in this area.

Student questions lead discussion at Susie Bright lecture

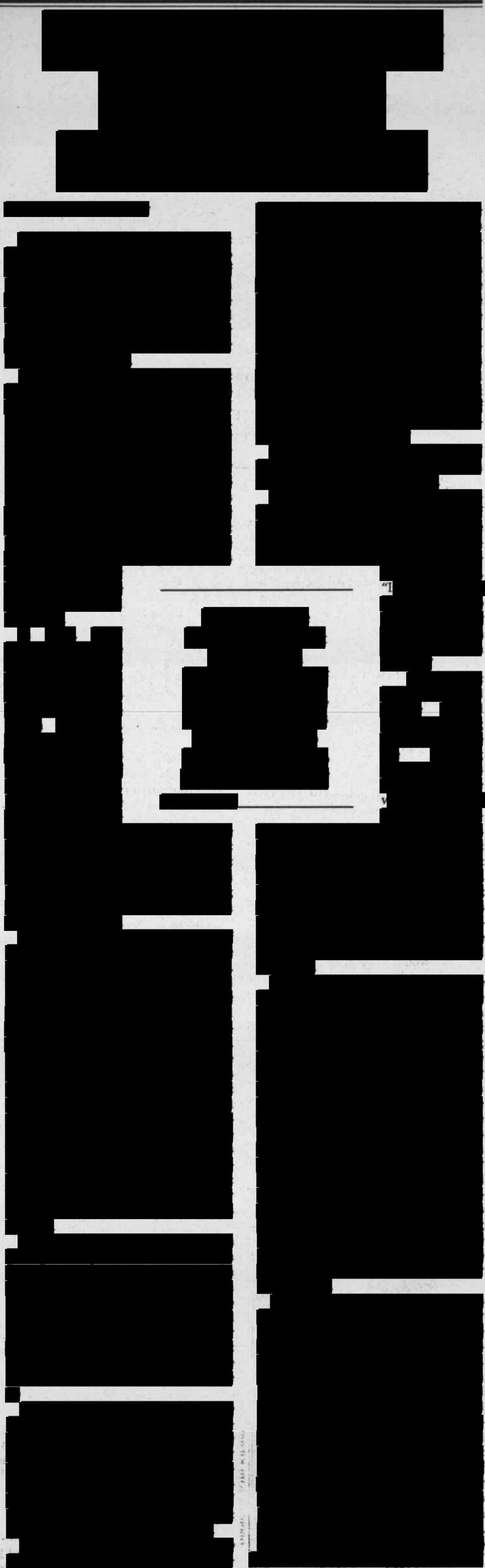
by Rachel Soltis

When Susie Bright lectured on Sunday, April 9, in Thomas Great Hall, she had bronchitis, which meant that she was a bit hoarse and wasn't quite up to her usual energy level. She began the talk by passing out index cards, on which we were supposed to answer seven questions: what gender are you; do you enjoy masturbating; do you enjoy orgasms; have you ever had sex with another person; do you like boys or girls (her word choice, which of course was pointed out as politically incorrect) or both; on a scale of one to ten how would you rate your sex life; and what question would you most like to hear answered. She plans to compile the first six questions and send them back to Bryn Mawr (so hold your breath for our own mini-Kinsey report), and she used the last questions as a guide for the rest of her talk. She answered several of the written questions and replied to whatever comments people made (which were very few—at the end she called us a very quiet but very attentive audience). Most of her talk centered on a couple main themes: Sex is fun. If you know your own body

and keep an open mind, it's more fun.

I enjoyed the talk. It was a lot of fun and somewhat informative, and, although I didn't agree with everything she said, I liked her basic message of openness, both with other people and to new ideas.

I was rather disappointed that she didn't talk about lesbian safer sex. She'd been asked to speak with the hope that we'd have a safer sex/responsibility aspect of Pride Week (it's all fun and games until someone loses an immune system). She began to bring up the subject when she said that she was often hired under the guise of sex education. She pointed out that most of safer sex education is based on trying to change people's attitudes and practices through fear, which isn't the most effective method. There's nothing like being young and horny to make one forget fear for at least a few moments, and so many factors affect a person's outlook on sex that a single factor is of only limited influence. If one wants safer sex to be an intrinsic part of life, then one needs more compelling reasons than just fear of disease. Then she changed the subject and never returned to give us any such reasons. I guess there weren't any questions about it on the index cards.



BMC art gallery show a must see

by Elena McFadden

Art Review: Reflections VI April 6- April 27 Bryn Mawr College Gallery

Michael Yonas' paintings are beautiful.

There are twelve of them. They're in Blue, Red and Brown, and yes they need to be capitalized like you do God, when you mean it.

I went to see them on a Saturday afternoon when I was feeling kind of down because the miniature of them in the entrance to the Campus Center reminded me of Stine drawings. What Stine says with body parts and words, Michael Yonas says with chairs. He says it with words, too, but not words put together the way that Stine does. Words, instead, pulled apart, the way I feel sometimes. But the fact that there they are, all pulled apart and mostly incomprehensible and not making sense, and yet all embedded in so much beauty reminds me that maybe, just maybe, I am too.

He says it with leaves, too, and bridges and flowers and trees, and tape. (Don't miss the tree that's outside the gallery on your way in, as if I could even hierarchize them—it's a particular beaut.) I missed the tree on my way in. I started with the first one on my left. I like looking at paintings all in a row, to stand in front of each one as long as I want before going on, if I keep them in order then I know for sure when I'm satiated, instead of taking sips here and there and leaving not sure if I'd missed something, or would have rather spent more time with one or another but I've forgotten which. It was of three chairs. I liked them. They were in yellow (like God, we describe her as best and varyingly as we can). They reminded me of being a pre-frosh at Bryn Mawr, sitting in on a class in Taylor when they still had the old chairs downstairs, when I thought college would be everything Hollywood had ever told me it would be; that in college, everything would be good. But the three chairs were so comforting, I wasn't as sad as I am usually thinking about the ways in which this hasn't turned out to be true.

The next painting was blue, and I was floored. I must have stood in front of that one for fifteen minutes. I couldn't get over the blue (like crocodiles in Amsterdam) and I couldn't get over the precision of the drawing of the bridge tunnel and the tree and the ground. And the tape. I simply loved the tape.

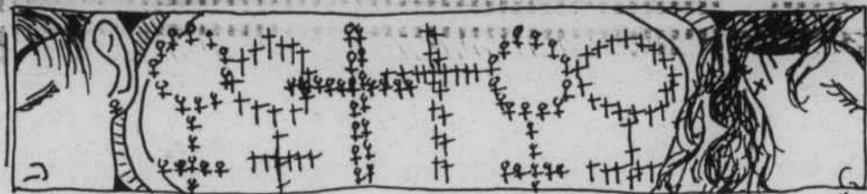
Then there was the bridge, and by the fourth one I was crying: "Dear Leonard,

Yeah, it's crunch time, but this is forever, these paintings will live in your head and make you happy, forever.

because children are cruel." I'm sure that's not accurate, but it's what I remember. It ended with something beautiful, though, which balanced how much I remember children being cruel, how much I wonder whether they really change when they grow, that made it safe for me to cry, long and hard, with the leaf and the tape.

I could tell you about every one (yes) but I'm one of those people who hates to hear anything about a movie before I go to see it because I want my experience to be completely untainted. I've tried to tell you enough to make sure you understand it's worth it. Yeah, it's crunch time, but this is

forever, these paintings will live in your head and make you happy, forever. These were my favorites, like I'd tell you about good friends, hoping though that when you meet them you'll walk away loving them for an entirely different set of absolutely beautiful reasons than I do. Then there's the tree though too, and the bridge, and the chairs. I loved *all* the chairs.



Invitation from Women At the Well

by Elizabeth Lyzenga

Women at the Well (remember us? Feminism and Christianity and so on discussion group?) is alive and well, and our last meeting of the semester is Friday, April 21, at 5PM, in Erdman room 3—the back meeting room inside the dining hall. We will eat a sumptuous BMCDS repast and discuss spirituality on campus. Professor Susan Dean of the English Department will be joining us. If you have never been to a meeting, but might like a nice low-stress experience of what Women at the Well is all about, come join us! If possible, come a little early to get your food so we can get started at five, but if you have to be late, still come.

Women at the Well wants to be in contact with anyone in the Bryn Mawr/Haverford community interested in non-fundamentalist Christianity—undergraduates, graduate students, McBrides, professors, faculty, staff, administrators.... let us know if you want to be on our mailing

list, or would like to join us for one of our endless informal discussions. Our purpose in existing is mostly to bring together people who would have good conversations together, so let us know who you are.

We all know the stereotypes: if you are smart and enlightened enough to be here, you know better than to believe in God, or to associate yourself with such an oppressive tradition as Christianity; or conversely, if you are Christian, you can't possibly be a clear thinking individual, respect other belief systems, or favor women's rights or gay rights. If you know things are much more complicated and interesting than this, come join us. Men are certainly welcome to a group called "Women at the Well"; if you don't mind, we don't. Drop a line or give a call to Elizabeth, Box C-715, x7559, or show up on Friday. Fabulous well-formulated insights and deep unshakable religious convictions not required at the door.

Jobsmarts for twentysomethings

by Elena McFadden

I am writing this review as a public service announcement. There is a new book coming out. Call your parents RIGHT now and tell them absolutely under no circumstances are they to buy it for you. Tell them to spread the word like wildfire. The title is *Jobsmarts For Twentysomethings*.

There are two kinds of useful advice in this world: slogans and parables. This book has a lot of good slogans, reprinted here. And some good parables (read 'em sitting on the floor at Borders).

The rest of it, sadly enough, is schlock. And while, granted, it's only thirteen dollar schlock, THINK OF THE TREES, DEARS, think of the bleach it took to produce just one copy, think of the wholly unrecyclable cover. I will be a sad, sad dog if this book goes into a second printing.

Jobsmarts is over three hundred pages of someone else obsessing and nagging about "your" composite problems, sprinkled intermittently with annoying phrases of "see, and I did it my way and now I'm published." And the boy can't write. I'm not saying I can write any better (but then again my reviews aren't three hundred pages long). In fact, I think it was the errors in his style which I find in my own writing which annoyed me the most. Mainly, super-excessive chuminess. If you've been professionally edited, that shit has got to go. No one *cares* that you know all the television references from when we were thirteen, yes we all loved McGyver, but we already *know* we don't have to be him to get a good job. Which brings me quite beautifully to my main complaint: *Jobsmarts* just plain fails to tell me much of anything I didn't already know.

It's got some good slogans, I'll give it that. My favorite is "There is no place in your career for mediocrity, procrastination, sloppiness, or not paying attention to details." The most useful one is, "Do what you love for free, do it well, and someone will notice and decide to give you a health care plan for it (probably a salary too, but we all know that's not nearly as important)."

My second main objection is he talks down to you. This comes across very clearly in his spending two pages on the

importance of grammar and vocabulary, and all the while the entire book is written in pure contractions and fragmented parentheticalized editorializing, which isn't even *good* fragmented parentheticalized editorializing. He's certainly no Thomas Pynchon. (just to lower myself to his level for a moment)

What he is is a 28 year old go-getter who would have been a revival meeting preacher in a different age. Assuming that every age maintains the same cultural constructs in evolving forms I guess it's not that surprising that he has come to us through this book. Just don't say I didn't warn you.

Oh, and another thing, what it *mostly* reads like is what parents/administration/status quo/the man *thinks* we need

to hear in order to get us "off our butts" and jump on the capitalist consumerism "newly diversified" treadmill. We've got news for them that they just can't seem to understand: the reason we don't have any goals related to their world is because their world isn't interesting. (Trying to keep it to a minimum of profanity, more like, their world is f—ed) If you happen to be the one person out there who for the past four years has been dying to get a job at a consulting firm (whatever that really is) and haven't yet gone and interned at one, and you had the financial resources to have done so, then I take it all back, go buy this book.

What it will tell you is: go intern at a consulting firm. Intern, Intern, Intern, Explore, Explore, Explore.



Bradley Richardson, author of *Jobsmarts*

photo by Kim Ritzenthaler

SELL TEXTBOOKS FOR CASH

May 8 thru May 12
10:00-4:00 pm

AT THE BRYN MAWR COLLEGE BOOKSHOP

We will be buying textbooks back both for the Bookshop (Fall 1995 Semester) and for MBS (a used book company). Books which we buy for the Bookshop will be bought at half the current retail value. Books going to MBS will be bought at national wholesale prices. If you have any questions, please stop by and speak to Fred.



Springtime crushes

by Julia Alexander

Ahh, spring. The season of hay fever, finals, looking for jobs—and, of course, crushes. Spring is, you'll remember, that season when a young girl's fancy turns to... *love*.

Dear _____,

Do you like me?

Yes
 No
 Maybe.

She was my first real crush. I'm one of those people who made it all the way through high school without ever getting a crush on anyone. Or at least not anything I could recognize as such. (It's amazing what mistakenly thinking you're straight will do to cool your hormones!) So I naturally thought I wasn't vulnerable to infatuation, and that I would never be so silly as to spend my time mooning after someone. I teased my friends with abandon, sure that they would never be able to retaliate. Boy oh boy, was I wrong on that one!

We had a class together, and I found myself wanting to get to know her better. She was intelligent and sweet, and I didn't pay attention at first to the fact that she was also amazingly attractive. (Well, okay, I'm a little biased here.) We spent time together, and the more I knew her, the more I liked her.

After a while I realized that I was feeling a little more than friendly towards her. I would find myself staring at her all through class, noticing the way that her hair fell onto her shoulders, and admiring the way that her eyes crinkled in the corners when she laughed. Needless to say, I can't remember much of what was going on in class that semester.

I began to change habits to be the sort of person she was more likely to spend time with. I would hang out in places I thought she might visit, and I would go out of my way to walk or talk with her. I found myself saving the notes she sent me, and wishing that she were in more of my classes.

It was when my friends were talking about people on whom they had crushes at dinner one night that I realized what was happening to me. Admitting it to myself made things much, much worse. Once my brain had a concrete reason for why I was staring at this person all the time, it started prodding me with what we could do if I were to act on the crush. And for someone who missed out on the whole middle school thing, I really wasn't ready for this. What was I supposed to do about the fact that I'd watch her in class and notice more that she had wonderful eyes (and legs....) than whatever the other people were talking about?

Then I unwisely admitted to a friend that I had a crush on her, and they all got together to exact their revenge. Every time they saw me, they would start up. "Ask her out for coffee, you fool!" they would advise helpfully, or "Just tell her that you

like her!" If I went out on a weekend, it would be, "So, are you going to the dance because *She's* there?" and they would solicitously inquire, "How is *She* doing today?"

But it was a crush, and it was my first one. I couldn't quite move myself to tell her about it, since I couldn't stand to be rejected. Oooh, especially because she would be so *nice* about it. Also because I did like her platonically as well, and I figured it was better to have a good friend on whom I had a massive—but unfulfilled—crush than it was to have an acquaintance around whom I felt uncomfortable because I had made a fool of myself in front of her.

The problem was that I couldn't seem to make the crush go away. Probably part of it was that it's sort of fun to have a crush. But part of it was because she's so *attractive!* If I didn't see her for a while, I'd sort of lose some of the intensity, but as soon as I saw her, it was back, full force.

By the following semester, my friends were disgusted with me, since I refused to do anything about the crush. And, well, I had also sort of let it degenerate to the middle school level.

Remember, I missed out on having crushes for all of middle school and high school. So I guess I had to hit that stage before I could go on to more mature ways of interacting with people. I started out by asking everyone I knew whether they thought she "liked" me. No one seemed to know.

By this point, I was getting a little bit desperate to know—well, desperate to know as long as I got an answer that I would like. And then a brilliant idea occurred to me. I could send her a note! My friends quickly squashed this, pointing out that not even seventh graders deign to stoop that far, and that it's a bad idea to leave anything on paper. But I still think it would be a good idea. Just half a sheet of notebook paper (so as to be less wasteful), on which I could ask the all-important question: *Do you like me?* She would be able to reply with the traditional *yes, no, or maybe*.

But I've let it go. Sort of. I've resigned myself to leaving this crush unconsummated, since I'm too chicken to ask her out, or whether she likes me, or anything like that. But, hey, if you think you're the one I'm talking about, my box number is C-367.... Nahh, that really *would* be pitiful, wouldn't it? (Although I doubt that seventh graders would think of something that clever!)

So, to all of you who are suffering from this same sort of spring fever, take heart. And remember, there are always reunions, when we'll be able to laugh about it. "Ha, ha," I imagine myself telling her lightly. "Did you know that I spent a good year with the most massive crush in the world on you?" "I never knew," she'll reply, excited. "I had a humongous crush on you, too! In fact, now that I see you again...." And we could go happily off to Taft Garden and renew our acquaintance, and be together and happy forever.... Well, I can hope, can't I?

Dining spots extraordinaire

by Julia Alexander

Since we're nearing the end of the semester, and everyone is really hurried, as well as being more likely to be pulling all-nighters, I thought that instead of telling you how to make interesting food in the dining halls, I might compile a list of some of the places you can order out from around here. I've tried to give a good sampling of the places around, but there are always places that I will have missed.

Felicia's Pizza Kitchen: 649-6900. This is the ultimate in pizza, although it's a little more expensive than, say, Skeeter's. Delivery is free, although they tend to take a while to get there. They're open Mon.-Thurs. 11-11; Fri.-Sat. 11-midnight; Sun. noon-10.

Pizza Palace: 527-2229. This is the closest one to Bryn Mawr, and the pizza is decent. I think the delivery charge is \$1. Their menu assures me that they deliver all day, and they're open Mon.-Thurs. 11-midnight; Fri.-Sat. 11-1 a.m.; Sun. 1-11.

Conestoga Style Pizza: 527-1241/42. What, I wonder, is "Conestoga Style?" Anyhow, this is cheap pizza, and they have a student discount as well. (Although the menu says the discount ends on the 31st of April.) The pizza's okay, not great, and I can't remember the delivery charge. They deliver from 5 p.m.-midnight on weeknights, and until 1 on Friday and Saturday.

Campus Corner: 527-3606. This is one of the better cheap pizza places, and they will also bring ice cream, salads, and all of the other usual order-out kinds of food. The delivery charge is a dollar, and they're pretty quick (well, about half an hour).

Skeeter's: 649-8911. This is our friendly campus pizza place. They run it out of Haverford, and so they're familiar with Bryn Mawr dorms and all of that. This is the only place I know of that will take

checks for your order, and the pizza is pretty cheap. One warning: I could swear that I've seen them delivering via Blue Bus, so it might take a while for them to show up if there's no one working with a car!

Domino's: 527-3434. This is the more expensive choice as far as pizzas go, but it's also our nationally-known friend, so if you want the same pizza experience you had back home, these are probably the guys to go with. There's nothing else to particularly recommend them, and consensus in the News office holds that Domino's is evil because they support anti-abortion and anti-gay activists.

Goomba's: 525-3377. This, once again, is decent cheap pizza. Nothing that exciting about it, except I think these are the ones who use olive oil in the pizza. Extra-virgin, as I remember.

Hu-Nan's Late Night Snackin': 642-3050. I can't remember whether these guys are still in business, but if they are, they make a change from having pizza every night. They're not hugely great, but they're also not pizza, which is a point in their favor! **MexiCali:** 520-1850. I haven't tried this one, but it looks like a change from pizza. The menu doesn't say what the delivery charge is, or if there is one. They're open Mon.-Thurs. 11-8; Fri.-Sat. 11-9.

Beijing Inn: 525-7761. This is the new Chinese restaurant that replaced the Rib Shack (thank heaven!). You can take out or eat in, but they don't deliver. The food is definitely worth the haul! They're open Mon.-Thurs. 11:30-10; Fri.-Sat. 11:30-11; Sunday 3-10.

Boston Chicken: This is another one where you have to leave the dorm to get fed, but they are reasonably decent for take out food. The tortellini pasta salad is particularly good, as are the garlic potatoes. I think they stay open until ten or eleven most nights.



Dear Ms. Hank

Dear Ms. Hank,

I keep forgetting things. I'll go in to town to run some errands and then won't be able to remember what I wanted to do. Writing things down doesn't seem to help, since I either forget to bring the list along, forget where I put it, or forget to write everything down. I have the same problem with my work and my classes. It looks as though I never study, but it's more that I just forget everything in the time it takes me to move from my room to my class. I almost forgot to get myself a room the other day at room draw. I've even been forgetting to go to meals, and then I end up forgetting why I went downstairs by the time I make it to the vending machines. Ms. Hank, I'm wasting away to nothing, and I'm going to flunk out of all my classes! You've got to help me!

—Forgetful

Dear Forgetful,

Your problem is easily solved. All you have to do is... oh darn, it's right on the tip of my tongue.... I *hate* it when that happens. And I had some good advice, too.

What was I talking about?

Death to the patriarchy,
 Ms. Hank

Dear Ms. Hank,

I've just realized that a lot of my friends will be graduating this semester, and I'm going to miss them a lot. I never thought that I would be so upset to see a year ending, but I'm afraid that I won't get to see all of these wonderful people again for years, and I'm sort of sad about this. Is there anything I can do to perk up, and at least make it through May Day and commencement?

—About-to-be-lonely-underclasswoman

Dear Kiddo,

There is one easy solution that will have you thinking fondly of your senior friends every day of the rest of your years here at BMC. Go scope out their rooms, and start pointing out things that will make perfect May Day gifts for you. This might seem a bit greedy and inconsiderate, but I think it will help both you and your senior friends. See, this will let them know that they are fondly remembered, as well as reducing the amount of stuff they have to pack. It will also provide you with all sorts of wonderful things to fill up your room! Death to the Patriarchy,
 Ms. Hank